The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE TRUE SERVANT.

Oh, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred;
Oh, give me a diviner name;
Call me thy servant, Lord!

Sweet title that delighteth me,
Rank earnestly implored,
Oh, what can reach the dignity
Of thy true servants, Lord?

No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free;
Oh, not mine own, oh, not mine own,
Lord, I belong to thee!

In each aspiring burst of prayer,
Sweet leave my soul would ask,
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do thine every task.

In life, in death, on earth, in heaven.
No other name for me!
The same sweet style and title given,
Through all eternity.

—*T. H. Gill.*

SELF-CONSECRATION.

So natural is the readiness of all love-sacrifice, that in youth, before selfish prudence and worldly wisdom have done their evil work in our hearts, there are few of us who have not pictured in our day dreams, as the fondest of our aspirations, some scenes in which our affections should at length find scope in acts of sublime self-devotion. We do not merely think, "In such circumstances I would die for my friend," but actually, "I wish that such circumstances would arise that I *might* die so blessedly." Myths of sacrifice spring up spontaneously as wild flowers in every human heart, ere selfish interests have trodden them into the world's hard highway. And even at its hardest and worst, when all abstract declarations of love, divine or human, fail to find echo or bring forth any response of feeling, the wondrous tale of that sacrifice which has become the central one of human story, and received the radiance of the ideal,—that tale, I say, will call out torrents from the rock, and waken into raptures of admiration souls which seem dead to every sentiment of generosity. Herein, in this one ideal of a love which sacrifices life for the salvation of the ungrateful and rebellious, lies the might of Christian churches, the golden sceptre of the whole line of spirit kings, from Paul to Wesley. The purely *human* sympathy with the self-devotion pictured on Calvary has opened millions of hearts to sentiments leading to all the highest in our nature. And shall we talk, then, of the doctrine of self-sacrifice to God, as if it were a superhuman thing, an idea having nothing in common with our poor narrow hearts?

Sacrifice is simply *love in action*,—the universal and spontaneous language of the sentiment in its intensity. Let us but love God aright, and the willingness to offer ourselves, "soul and body,"—the reasonable, holy, and acceptable "sacrifice,"—must, according to the laws of our nature, arise in our hearts. Poorly, imperfectly, that offering is made; but ever more and more it will continue to complete itself. And at last, as the righteous will of man gains the final victory, as it unites itself in entire acquiescence with the all-righteous will of God,

sacrifice will at once be perfected and abolished, immerged in one ocean of joy and love.

"God loves us all." We use such words till we forget their meaning. If we understood what they signify, self-consecration would seem the simplest of all things. But, in the endless oscillations of our thoughts between the low conception of a merely human God and the vague notion of the pantheist's "World Spirit," we ever pass over the central truth that in him the personal love of humanity, and the universal, equal, boundless love of Deity, are one and the same. I have already spoken of the power which even our hearts possess of loving indefinitely numerous living souls, each of which has its own individuality, and draws from us an individual affection never resembling any other. It is as if there were a separate side of our nature, a facet of the diamond, for each friend with whom we enter into communion,—a side which that man or that woman alone in the universe can illumine. The *selfish* part of affection, indeed, is not divisible infinitely, but, like other base things, suffers diminution according to the sharers; but pure love is rich as spirit is rich. It is a lamp in a room hung round with mirrors, wherein it is interminably reflected, and every one of which serves to lighten more and more that bright chamber of loving soul. The love of God must be like this, only wide even as his boundless creation, effulgent as the light.

> "The sun himself had seemed
> A speck of darkness there,
> Amid that Light of Light!"

Men think sometimes, "God is infinite, therefore he cannot love as we do." But it is precisely because he is infinite that therefore every perfection of love—boundlessness of extent and intensity of degree—must of necessity belong to his love. It is attributing *limits* to his nature to suppose he cannot thus love infinitely every soul throughout the millions of the worlds.

We can only love what is lovely *now*, but God's eternal nature loves the future saint in the sinner of to-day. He sees the special spiritual beauty, whose germ he has planted in each soul, blooming in his paradise millenniums hence; and to him the murderer is even now the philanthropist of heaven. It is not only all man's present and past weakness, meanness, sin, which lie unveiled before his awful eye. There is also in every one a spring of love and purity and goodness, whose growing course he sees swelling into the wide flood of resistless virtue, even as beneath his gaze the hidden fount of the Nile and the flowing seas of its full tide lie mapped out as one great stream.

Whatever we can imagine of love, *that*, and far more than that, God gives to each of us,—gives it as fully and absolutely as if no other spirit but his and our own existed in a desert universe together. *We* may love him more, because his mercy spreads over all the myriad millions of our brothers. *He* does not love us less, because his infinite heart embraces every creature he has made.

Such is our God, such our relation to him. Is it not the most natural thing in the world that we should give to him our grateful, joyful, adoring hearts, our existence in time and eternity? What else do we *want* but love like his in which to live and for whose sake to labor and suffer, to live or die as seems to him best? We are poor, feeble creatures, full of longing desire. But, after all, is not this the want which lies at the very depth of our cravings?

The poorest love is a happy thing. The smallest self-denial for affection's sake is a pure pleasure. What would it be to love absolutely a Being absolutely lovely,—to be able to give our whole existence, every thought, every act, every desire, to that adored One,—to know that he accepts it all, and loves us in return as God alone can love? Sometimes, even in this life, that love of God breaks on the soul. The man kneels, and offers up the full heart's vow of a life of love, divine and human. He gazes around, and his tears make the halo of a glorified world. If he could not weep, his poor human heart would burst with its unfathomable joy; for his spirit has blended with God, and it has been revealed to him what God is.

This happiness grows forever. The larger our natures become, the wider our scope of thought, the stronger our will, the more fervent our affections, so much the deeper must be the rapture of such God-granted prayer. Each sacrifice *resolved on* opens wider the gate: each sacrifice *accomplished* is a step toward the paradise within. Soon it will be no transitory glimpse, no rapture of a day, to be followed by clouds and coldness. Let us but labor and pray and wait, and the intervals of human frailty shall grow shorter and less dark, the days of our delight in God longer and brighter, till at

last life shall be nought but his love, our eyes shall never grow dim, his smile never turn away.

O merciful Father, shall such things ever be? Are they waiting for us now in thine infinite heart? Hast thou made us for thy dear love? and are we still the sinful beings who kneel before thee now?—*Frances Power Cobbe, in "Religious Duty."*

THE STILL HOUR.

"WITH HEART AND SOUL AND STRENGTH."

Fain would I well employ my heart's poor treasure;
Fain would I spend its sum of love aright:
How should my Lord be loved? how large a measure
Shall I bestow upon the Infinite?

Must I needs make division of my store?
Yes, save for the Divine one half my heart?
Or shall I dare to spare a little more,
Yes, spend upon my Lord the larger part?

Oh, shall no full embrace my Lord enfold?
On wings half-eager shall I mount to heaven?
Some store of love and joy from Him withhold,
For all the sweet things that his grace hath given?

What, shall his gracious gifts be loved the more,
Because I love my God of grace the less?
Here shall my heart a mightier stream outpour
For dropping there a stinted tenderness?

Seize my whole heart, dear Lord, take all its treasure!
I give thee nought unless I give thee all:
Oh, only loved aright in over-measure!
Each tender soul a holy prodigal.

No longer, Lord, I reckon up my store;
No more I ask how much thou should'st possess;
Take all I have! Lord, make that little more!
When shall my love be meet and measureless?

—*T. H. Gill.*

LIVING IN LOVE, LIVING IN GOD.

O my Father, I bring my prayer unto thee. I know that thou wilt help me if I ask thee. Help me to make my life full of love, perfect love toward thee and those among whom thou hast placed me. I know that I could never love thee aright, did I not also love them faithfully. I would love and serve them truly, for I love thee, my Father; but I need to feel thy love, else mine might wax faint and feeble. Help me to keep the great truth ever bright before me, that thou lovest me always. Help me to keep my heart constantly filled with thy love. Then I should feel no task hard, no love toward others a difficulty. Then should I be satisfied and cheerful, though sorrow and care should come to me. Then should I be content and at rest in the midst of labor and trial.

Thou only art my Lord and my Shepherd; thou art my Master, my Guide, and my Friend; may I be for ever and ever thy servant and thy child, and never wander away from thy side. It is not possible for me to feel any fear before thee, for I know that thou doest always what is best for me. I would trust thee with a perfect trust. As a child puts his hand in his father's, and follows him without a care, so would I follow gladly whithersoever thou shalt lead me. Help me, Father, that I may keep the lamp of my love for thee ever bright with a constant flame: help me that I may be always ready to see and know thy love that forever surrounds me.—*"Alone to the Alone" (compiled by Frances Power Cobbe).*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 237 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. H. A. Morse, 9 Whittemore Street, West Roxbury. Mass., offers "Frank Russell Firth" (a memoir); "The People's Practical Poultry Book," W. M. Lewis; "The Poet's Tribute to Garfield"; "Allegories of Life," Mrs. J. S. Adams; "A Memorial of John M. Foster," Andrew P. Peabody; "Illustrated Armenia," Rev. Ohan Gaidgakian, M.D.; "A Tribute to T. Starr King," Richard Frothingham; "Library of Eminent Statesmen," Henry C. Watson; "The Astral Plane," C. W. Leadbeater; "The Life and Letters of Catharine Sedgwick," Mary E. Dewey; "Channing's Memoirs."

The Lend-a-Hand Club of the Disciples' School offers incomplete sets of the following magazines. Address Miss Margaret B. Beatley, Church of the Disciples, corner Peter-

boro and Jersey Streets, Boston, Mass. *Munsey's, Scribner's, Harper's, McClure's, Century,* and *Cosmopolitan.*

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass. Tennyson's "Poems"; Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"; Whittier's "Poems"; Whittier's "Tent on the Beach"; Mrs. Browning's "Poems"; Bryant's "Poems"; Jean Ingelow's "Poems"; Bret Harte's "Poems"; "Ballads," John Hay; "Under the Sun," Edwin Arnold; "The Old English Dramatists," Lowell; "Among the Forest People"; "The Lightning Conductor"; "The Begum's Daughter," Bynner; "Poems and Drama, Bianca Capello," E. C. Kenney; "Graded Lessons in English," Reed and Kellog; "Harrington's Spelling-book," Tarbell's "Lessons in Language" (Book 1); "In Mythland"; "Nature Stories for Youngest Readers"; "Common Words difficult to Spell"; "The Morse Speller"; "The Strike at Shane's"; "The Story of Gösta Berling," from the Swedish; "The Wood Carver of 'Lympus"; *Atlantic Monthly* for 1905.

The "Christian Doctrine of Prayer," by James Freeman Clarke, offered to *ministers.* Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I would like very much to receive any good reading matter. Am especially anxious to get the *Delineator* for 1907, or some fashion paper. Mrs. Verda L. Francis, R.F.D. No. 2, Van Alstyne, Texas.

2. Miss Christine Duval, Rawlings Institute, Charlottesville, Virginia, wishes the following books: "Sallust" (Latin); "Midsummer Night's Dream," Shakespeare; Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship"; "Tale of Two Cities," Dickens; "Robinson Crusoe."

3. It has been quite a while since I have made a request through your columns for reading. I have been beautifully supplied by a kind, dear Cheerful Letter worker. She still sends magazines and writes me nice letters often. I come this time to request a late fashion plate or fashion magazine, occasionally, from some one that doesn't care to keep it after looking over it. I have a dear neighbor who wishes to become a Cheerful Letter member. She is a Christian woman striving to raise her children to be worthy men and women. They are not able to buy books. She wishes the *Cheerful Letter* each month and late numbers of *Ladies' Home Journal,* or some good housekeeping paper for herself, and *Little Folks* monthly, and *Little Gems* for Sunday-school reading for the children. Their ages range from twelve to two years. Her address is Mrs. Clara Harris, Palestine, Texas, R.F.D. 2. I enjoy Mothers' Council in *Cheerful Letter,* also the Natural History Department. Gratefully yours (Mrs.) Lila B. Kay, Palestine, Texas.

4. Any reading is asked for by Mrs. Lessie Parker, Polkton, North Carolina, R.F.D. No. 3.

5. I have not received any reading matter for some time, so I write you, hoping to be remembered again. I am anxious to receive each month the *Ladies' Home Journal,* or any interesting reading matter to pass the winter hours, for sometimes I feel lonely, as my father and mother are both dead. My home consists of two sisters and myself. Any books or music would be appreciated. Miss Clara Greer, King's Creek, North Carolina.

6. It has been one of the pleasures of my life to get letters and books from Cheerful Letter friends. Will some kind friend please send me Bennet's "Latin Grammar," Bennet's "Latin Composition," and Bennet's "Orations of Cicero"? I need them very much; also the "Four Famous Men of Greece," "Four Famous Men of Rome," "Four Famous Men of Ancient Times," and "Four Famous Men of Modern Times" for my brother. I'd like to have pictures for home and school decoration. I am trying to teach and also trying to get ready to go to school. The Latin books certainly will be appreciated. Any of Dickens and Scott's works, Tennyson's poems, and Washington Irving's works. I advance thanks, and any one who gives these cannot overestimate my appreciation. (Miss) Mattie

E. Sale, Briar Creek, Wilkes County, North Carolina.

7. I could do good with some reading at this time. I have some little children who love reading. Could you not send me some fairy stories or some good child stories for them? They are not my children, but my neighbor's children. Could you not send some *St. Nicholas* magazines to a little boy whose life is a very hard one? He lives with his aunt. Send them in his name. Robie E. Frost, St. Albans, Maine, Care of H. O. Blaisdell. Mrs. H. O. Blaisdell.

8. Miss Etta Freeman, Dover, North Carolina, will be grateful for either *Ladies' Home Journal, Harper's,* or *Munsey.*

9. Mrs. James A. Brown, Verano, Virginia, asks for "Mother Tongue Grammar," No. 2; "Virginia History" (author not given); White's "First Arithmetic."

10. I wish to thank all who sent me things for our Christmas tree, and to tell you what a nice time we had. I am sure you would all have been glad could you have seen how happy the children were. Everything went off nicely. We have a good school now and the people are becoming more interested in the school and library. Would be so glad of reading-matter for our library. I especially would be glad to have "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the "Scottish Chiefs," any of Miss Alcott's books except "Little Women," "Little Men," and "Jo's Boys," as we have these. Any good papers or magazines will be acceptable, and they need not be new. We will be glad of old ones. We have fifty-one pupils in school. We would also be glad of books of recitations and dialogues. With many good wishes for you all in the new year, Mrs. J. Porter, Galvin, Colquitt County, Georgia, R.F.D. 3.

11. Will some one please send me "St. Elmo" and "Infelice," by Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, and the *Delineator* for 1907? Annie R. Martin, Gideon, North Carolina.

12. I am an orphan girl, ten years of age, and live with my aunt, who is poor and not able to buy the books I need. If some one will send me these books, they will be greatly appreciated. King's "Elementary Geography," Smithey's "History of Virginia," Colon and Ellwood's "Primary Arithmetic," Webster's Dictionary. Glenn E. Grant, Naola, Virginia.

13. Mrs. E. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio, who is a great sufferer, will be so pleased to receive good reading and a large print Bible.

14. I wish to thank all who have been so kind as to send me reading-matter. I would like very much to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal* for December and January. I have a friend who would be very glad to receive some good books to read. Her address is Miss Ethel Covey, Mannsville, Oklahoma. Mrs. Ed. Jones, Mannsville, Oklahoma.

15. Gazelle Stevens Sharp, Douglas, Oklahoma, asks for "Martin Chuzzlewit," Kipling's "Department Ditties," and a Phillips Brooks Year Book.

16. I thank all the good Cheerful Letter people for the books and magazines sent me. The *Cheerful Letter* has been a great source of enjoyment to me. I have secured several friends through it, and feel that a great part of my education has been procured by reading and studying the books and magazines sent me. Ever thankful to read the *Cheerful Letter.* I would be glad to receive "Practical Etiquette" and any good magazine. J. S. Glass, Straw, North Carolina.

17. Mrs. Mildred Manson, Solon, Maine, will be glad to receive books for a permanent library which the town people are starting. They now have fifty volumes.

18. I have lately become a subscriber to the *Cheerful Letter.* I would like very much to receive some reading matter: the *Ladies' Home Journal,* or any good magazines or books will be very much appreciated. I will pass them on to others. Mrs. A. E. Hicks, Monroe, Virginia, R.F.D. No. 1.

19. Miss Vivian Gann, teaching, winter of 1906–07 at Campbell, North Carolina, R.F.D. No. 1, Stokes County, asks for Claxton's "Grimms' Fairy Stories," Holbrook's "Hiawatha Primer," Baldwin's "Fifty Famous Stories," McMurray's "Robinson Crusoe," Moulton's "Bible Stories of Old Testament."

20. I sometimes receive a package of reading from Wayland, Mass., without any name

attached. I wish to thank the kind person who sends them through the *Cheerful Letter*. I would also be very thankful for the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Youth's Companion* for 1907 for my little boy who is ten years old, and also any other reading suitable to his age. I thank you very much for the pleasure you have given me in the past. Mrs. Guy Whitten, Clinton, Maine.

The friends of Miss Elizabeth Graham, Cheraw, South Carolina, will be sorry to hear of her death, December 28. The news was not received in time to be printed in the February number. To her correspondents she had become a personal friend, and will be greatly missed.

The address of Rev. W. A. Alleyn is now Saxeville, Wisconsin.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

HUBERT;

or, "How not to do it" (continued).

Now Robert was disposed to help Hubert all he could, as indeed he ought to have been, considering how much Hubert had helped him.

He accordingly took Hubert along the walks, and showed him several plots which he could have. Hubert began to be somewhat interested in the selection. Finally a place was found, somewhat retired, which Hubert said he liked the best. It extended along the side of a broad walk for about twenty feet, and was bounded at the ends by two narrow walks.

Hubert determined to hurry forward his work, so as if possible to have his garden all made and planted before his aunt should come to help him with her advice. He was very distrustful in respect to the aid which he should receive from such counsel as he thought she would give him.

So he worked diligently all the time he had, that day and the next. He called upon Robert several times for advice, and Robert gave him advice in the right way; that is, he aided him in finding the best means of doing what Hubert himself wished to do, whereas, I am very much afraid that, if his aunt had been there, her idea would not have been to aid him in doing what he himself wished to do, but to interfere with his plans and urge him to adopt others of her own.

On the morning of the day which his aunt had appointed, she told him that she would come out about nine o'clock, and help him in arranging his garden. He told her at once that it was all done. She expressed her surprise at this, and asked him, in a somewhat disappointed tone, why he had not waited for her to advise him.

"However," said she, "It is no great matter. I see what we can do." "We can simply pay no attention to what he has sown," she continued, in her thoughts, "but plant the ground over again, just as if nothing had been done to it, and so let the seeds which he has put in come up with the weeds, and be pulled out in the weeding."

Accordingly Mrs. Wood went out into the garden, and approached Hubert with a smiling face.

"Well, my dear," she said, "where is the bed which Robert has given you? I'll show you exactly what to do."

She looked a little dissatisfied when she saw the spot.

"Is this the place?" she said. "I am rather sorry that Robert chose this place. It is a little too public for your garden. I was in hopes that he would find a place more out of the way."

"But, aunt," said Hubert, "this place is as far out of the way as it can be, and yet be in the garden. It is going to be all corn and potatoes about here."

"Well," said Mrs. Wood, in a doubtful and hesitating manner, "well, never mind! Since he has given it to you, and especially as I see you have dug it all up, I suppose you had better keep it. And now about the kinds of seeds that you had better sow in it!"

"But, aunt, it is all sowed already," said Hubert. "I put in all the seeds yesterday. I had the seeds in my trunk. I brought them with me. There is not room for any more at all."

"What is that great circle in the middle of the bed?" asked Mrs. Wood. "What have you planted there?"

"Beans," said Hubert.

"Beans!" repeated his aunt. "But it seems to me, Hubert, my dear, I would not have beans in my garden if I were you. You can get flowers a great deal prettier than beans."

"I don't want them for the flowers," said Hubert. "I want them for the shade."

"For the shade!" repeated Mrs. Wood, quite surprised.

"Yes, aunt," said Hubert, "that's where I am going to have my wigwam,"

"Your wigwam!" repeated Mrs. Wood, more and more surprised.

(Hubert explained that the wigwam was to be made by setting slender poles in a circle, and tying the tops together. The beans were to run up these poles.)

Mrs. Wood did not seem so much pleased and interested with this idea as Hubert might have expected. On the contrary, she looked very serious, and said at length, shaking her head, slowly and thoughtfully:

"But it seems to me, Hubert, that I should not want a wigwam in my garden, if I were you, nor beans. It would be a great deal better to have pretty flowers. If I were you, I would rake that big circle all over, and make some pretty little beds in the place of it."

Hubert looked as if he felt very little inclined to accept this advice, and so his aunt did not press it on him. "I think you will be sorry," said she; "but, however, you shall have it as you like. But I think, that, when your seeds come up, you will wish you had taken my advice, and put into your garden something prettier than those great coarse beans."

So Mrs. Wood went away, dissatisfied herself, and leaving Hubert even more dissatisfied and unhappy still than she was.—*"Hubert," by Jacob Abbott.*

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

To answer this question, we must first inquire what we mean by a soul. If we mean a human soul, it is certain that animals do not possess it,—at least not in a fully developed condition. If we mean, "Do they possess an immortal soul?" that is, perhaps, a question difficult to answer either in the affirmative or the negative. But, if we mean by the soul an immaterial principle of life, which co-ordinates the bodily organization to a unity, which is the ground of growth, activity, perception, volition, which is intelligent, affectionate, and to a certain extent free, then we must admit that animals have souls.

A watch or clock is the nearest approach which has been made by man to the creation of a living being. A watch, for instance, contains the principle of its action in itself, and is not moved from without. In that it resembles a living creature. We can easily conceive of a watch which might be made to go for seventy years, without being wound up. It might need to be oiled occasionally, but not as often as an animal needs to be fed. A watch is also like a living creature in having a unity as a whole not belonging to the separate parts, and to which all parts conspire; namely, that of marking the progress of time. Why, then, say that a man has a soul, and that a watch has not? The difference is this: The higher principle of unity in the watch—that is, its power of marking time—is wholly an effect and never a cause. It is purely and only the result of the arrangement of wheels and springs; in other words, of material conditions. But in man the principle of unity is also a cause. Life reacts upon body. The laws of matter are modified by the power of life, chemical action is suspended: living muscles are able to endure without laceration the application of forces which would destroy the dead fibre. So the thought, the love, the will of a living creature, react on the physical frame. A sight, a sound, a few spoken words, a message seen in a letter, cause an immense revulsion in the physical condition. Something is suddenly told us, and we faint away, or even die, from the effect of the message. Here mind acts upon matter, showing that in man mind is not merely a result, but also a cause. Hence men have generally believed in the existence of a soul in man. They have not been taught it by metaphysicians. It is one of the spontaneous inductions of common sense from universal experience.

But this argument applies equally to prove a soul in animals. The same reaction of soul on body is constantly apparent. Every time that you whistle to your dog, and he comes bounding toward you, his mind has acted on his body. His will has obeyed his thought, his muscles have obeyed his will. The cause of his motion was mental, not physical. This is too evident to require any further illustration. Therefore, regarding the soul as a principle of life, connected with the body, but not its result,—or, in other words, as an immaterial principle of activity,—there is the same reason for believing in the soul of animals that there is for believing in the soul of man.

But, when we ask as to the nature of the animal soul, and how far it is analogous to that of man, we meet with certain difficulties. Let us see, then, how many of the human qualities of the soul are to be found in ani-

mals, and so discover if there is any remainder not possessed by them, peculiar to ourselves.

That the vital soul, or principle of life, belongs equally to plants, animals, and men is evident. This is so apparent as to be granted even by Descartes, who regards animals as mere machines or automata, destitute of a thinking soul, but not of life or feeling. They are automata, but living and feeling automata. Descartes denies them a soul, because he defines the soul as the thinking and knowing power. But Locke (with whom Leibnitz fully agreed on this point) ascribes to animals thought as well as feeling, and makes their difference from man to consist in their not possessing abstract ideas. We shall presently see the truth of this most sagacious remark.

Plants, animals, and men are alike in possessing the vital principle which produces growth, which causes them to pass through regular phases of development, which enables them to digest and assimilate food taken from without, and which carries on a steady circulation within. To this are added, in the animal, the function of voluntary locomotion, perception through the senses of an outward world, the power of feeling pleasure and pain, some wonderful instincts, and some degree of reflective thought. Animals also possess memory, imagination, playfulness, industry, the sense of shame, and many other very human qualities.

Take, for example, Buffon's fine description of the dog ("Histoire du Chien"):—

"By nature fiery, irritable, ferocious, and sanguinary, the dog in his savage state is a terror to other animals. But, domesticated, he becomes gentle, attached, and desirous to please. He hastens to lay at the feet of his master his courage, his strength, and all his abilities. He listens for his master's orders, inquires his will, consults his opinion, begs his permission, understands the indications of his wishes. Without possessing the power of human thought, he has all the warmth of human sentiment. He has more than human fidelity, he is constant in his attachments. He is made up of zeal, ardor, and obedience. He remembers kindness longer than wrong. He endures bad treatment and forgets it, disarming it by patience and submission."

No one who has ever had a dog for a friend will think this description exaggerated. If any should so consider it, we will cite for their benefit what Mr. Jesse, one of the latest students of the canine race, asserts concerning it, in his "Researches into the History of the British Dog" (London, 1866). He says that remarkable instances of the following virtues, feelings, and powers of mind are well authenticated:—

"The dog risks his life to give help; goes for assistance; saves life from drowning, fire, other animals, and men; assists distress; guards property; knows boundaries; resents injuries; repays benefits; communicates ideas; combines with other dogs for several purposes; understands language; knows when he is about to die; knows death in a human being; devotes his life to the object of his love; dies of grief and joy; dies in his master's defence; commits suicide; remains by the dead; solicits and gives alarm; knows the characters of men; recognizes a portrait and men after a long absence; is fond of praise and sensitive to ridicule; feels shame, and is sensible of a fault; is playful; is incorruptible; finds his way back from distant countries; is magnanimous to smaller animals; is jealous; has dreams; and takes a last farewell when dying."—*James Freeman Clarke.*

(To be continued.)

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

VIII.

Up to my eleventh year my little life, inward and outward, had flown in a bright and even current. Looking back at it and comparing my childhood with that of others, I seem to have been—probably from the effects of solitude—*devout* beyond what was normal at my age. I used to spend a great deal of time secretly reading the Bible and that dullest of dull books, "The Whole Duty of Man" (the latter a curious foretaste of my subsequent lifelong interest in the study of ethics),—not exactly enjoying them, but happy in the feeling that I was somehow approaching God. I used to keep awake at night to repeat various prayers and (wonderful to remember!) the Creed and Commandments! I made all sorts of severe rules for myself, and, if I broke them, manfully mulcted myself of any little pleasures or endured some small self-imposed penance. Of none of these things had any one, even my dear mother, the remotest idea, except once when I felt driven like a veritable Cain, by my agonized conscience, to go and confess to her

that I had said in a recent rage (to myself), "Curse them all!" referring to my family in general and to my governess in particular! The tempest of my tears and sobs on this occasion evidently astonished her, and I remember lying exhausted on the floor in a recess in her bedroom for a long time before I was able to move.

But the hour of doubt and difficulty was approaching. The first question which ever arose in my mind was concerning the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. I can recall the scene vividly. It was a winter's night. My father was reading the Sunday evening sermon in the dining-room. The servants, whose attendance was *de rigueur*, were seated in a row down the room. My father faced them, and my mother and I and my governess sat around the fire near him. I was opposite the beautiful classic black marble mantelpiece, surmounted with an antique head of Jupiter Serapis (all photographed on my brain even now), and listening with all my might, as in duty bound, to the sermon which described the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. "How did it happen exactly?" I began cheerfully to think, quite imagining I was doing the right thing to try to understand it all. "Well! first there were the fishes and the loaves. But what was done to them? Did the fish grow and grow as they were eaten and broken? And the bread the same? No! that is nonsense. And then the twelve basketfuls taken up at the end, when there was not nearly so much as at the beginning. It is not possible!" "O Heavens!" was the next thought, "*I am doubting the Bible!* God forgive me! I must never think of it again."

But the little rift had begun, and, as time went on, other difficulties arose. Nothing very seriously, however, distracted my faith or altered the intensity of my religious feelings for the next two years, till in October, 1836, I was sent to school, as I have narrated in the last chapter, at Brighton, and a new description of life opened. At school I came under influence of two kinds. One was the preaching of the evangelical Mr. Vaughan, in whose church (Christ Church) were our seats; and I recall vividly the emotion with which one winter's night I listened to his sermon on the great theme, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as wool." The sense of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," the rapturous joy of purification therefrom, came home to me; and, as I walked back to school with the waves thundering up the Brighton beach beside us and the wind tossing the clouds in the evening sky overhead, the whole tremendous realities of the moral life seemed borne in on my heart. On the other hand the perpetual overstrain of school work and unjust blame and penalty, for failure to do what it was impossible to accomplish in the given time drove me to all sorts of faults for which I hated and despised myself. When I knelt by my bed at night, after the school-fellow who shared my room was, as I fancied, asleep, she would get up and pound my head with a bolster, laughing and crying out, "Get up, you horrid hypocrite, get up! I'll go on beating you till you do!" It was not strange if, under such circumstances, my beautiful childish religion fell into abeyance and my conscience into disquietude. But, as I have narrated, I came home at sixteen; and then, once more able to enjoy the solitude of the woods and of my own bedroom and its inner study where no one intruded, the old feelings, tinged with deep remorse for the failures of my school-life and for many present faults (amongst others a very bitter and unforgiving temper) come back with fresh vigor. I have always considered that in that summer in my seventeenth year I went through what evangelical Christians call "conversion." Religion became the supreme interest of life, and the sense that I was pardoned its greatest joy. I was, of course, a Christian of the usual Protestant type, finding infinite pleasure in the simple old "communion" of those pre-ritualistic days, and in endless Bible readings to myself. Sometimes I rose in the early summer dawn and read a whole gospel before I dressed. I think I never ran up into my room in the daytime for any change of attire without glancing into the book and carrying away some echo of what I believed to be "God's Word." Nobody knew anything about all this, of course; but, as time went on, there was great and terrible perturbations in my inner life, and these perhaps I did not always succeed in concealing from the watchful eyes of my dear mother.

Then ensued four years on which I look back as pitiful in the extreme. In complete mental solitude and great ignorance, I found myself facing all the dread problems of human existence. For a long time my intense desire to remain a Christian predominated, and brought me back from each re-

turn to scepticism in a passion of repentance and prayer to Christ to take my life or my reason sooner than to allow me to stray from his fold.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, Jan. 27, 1839.

My dear James,—I am much obliged to you for the ultramarine ashes and the brushes. The color is just what I wanted. I went a few days ago with Mary Dwight to see Mr. Allston. He had sent me word that he had my letter and should have answered it, only that it did not seem to require an answer, and that it was so great an effort for him to write a letter. I was glad that I had taken care to write it in such a manner that he should not suppose I expected an answer. He received us very kindly, but left us alone in the painting-room while he went home to fetch two ladies whom he expected about that time. It turned out to be Mrs. and Miss Hastings, who had to come to buy a picture, or to see a picture that Mr. Hastings had bought. It was "The Two Sisters,"—a picture which he has never exhibited because one of the heads in it was copied from Titian. They are just two girls walking together in close embrace, one gay and one grave; and the golden-haired coquette is as much like our Haidee as if Mr. Allston had painted it from her own pretty head instead of from Titian. This picture Mr. Hastings gave him a thousand dollars for, and the next day Alexander, hearing of it, offered him fifteen hundred if it was not already sold, which unfortunately was the case. A. wanted it to hang in his painting-room as a study.

I am very glad to hear that you mean to give up the *Messenger* to William Channing, and particularly as it disengages you from your fixed position. I shall be very glad to know that you will not take your wife to a slave-holding State; for that would bring troubles unknown upon her as a housekeeper, and is a sufficient reason, I think, alone, for your removing. I do not mean that a wife should object to any circumstances of her husband's condition, however unpleasant, and am sure that your Anna would not; but I think that the husband should avoid for her sake so unnecessary an evil as that of living among slaves, and one so sure to occasion domestic discomfort to her.

Another thing is that I hope you will at once fix the time when you will leave Louisville,—say the first of June as the extreme limit of your stay.* You have made up your own mind to go, and you cannot, and ought not to, leave them without warning, while your engagement for next summer is of too positive a nature to admit of being postponed in any exigency. For these reasons it seems to me that you should tell them at once that you must go, and then they will see that you are in earnest and will try to find some one to supply your place. It seems to me probable that there has been more of this sort of grumbling than you have ever heard of, or ever will. I wish it might be settled at once that you are going, and publicly known; for there are several places now where a minister is wanted, and, if it were known that you were to be free, I am sure you would receive some invitations. Since you would not have left Louisville while they wanted you, even if you had been invited to better places, I think you may fairly make the best of this emergency, and, if some of the chief people think they might do better, to let them try. I hope you will leave them all good friends, and I do not know any reason why not. I am afraid, if you do not tell them soon what your intentions are, that you will have a difficulty in leaving Louisville next June, and perhaps affront them at last, since you must go *then*. If you do tell them, let us know of it at once, will you not, and give us leave to mention that you will not stay there much longer. Mother desires her love to you, and desires me to say that my opinion is also hers and that of Sam. She wishes you to request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Huidekoper's company here when you come next summer. We can arrange a chamber for them as well as for yourself, and should be most happy to see them here.

Grandmother begs me to give her love to you, which I now do, once and for all, and, if I should hereafter omit it, you will please take notice that she sent it.

Has W. H. Channing agreed to take the *Messenger*, and is that any secret? The last number was considered brilliant. Mr. Emerson asked me who C. G. was, and noticed the scraps from Herbert which were stuck in here and there, with pleasure. Mr. Very wants to go West and preach, and had intended to speak to you about it. I will

* He stayed, however, a year longer.

give your letter to Mr. Emerson next Wednesday and shall be proud to do so. The lectures have been on Home, School, Love, Genius, the Protest, Tragedy of Life, and we are to have one on the Church.

The ultra-peace men went to Dr. Channing to sign a non-resistance paper, and he refused, telling them that he considered it his highest privilege, as a man, to fight.

Farewell. Excuse my impertinence in giving you so much advice.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

In Harvard, but not in Yale.
In chess, but not in golf.
Not in hope, but in rose.
In snow, but not in cake.
Not in valley, but in food.
In love, but not in mire.
In tennis, but not in fear.
Not in card, but in thousand.
In sand, but not in ice.
My whole is a famous Greek historian.

II.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

1. What island is rough and unrefined?
2. What island is a pine-tree?
3. What island has plenty of driveways?
4. What islands take the form of small singing birds?
5. What island is six-sided?

—*Every Other Sunday.*

III.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is that which has never been felt, seen, nor heard, and never existed, but still has a name?

What do many people borrow and nobody ever lends?

IV.

SOME FAMOUS ENGLISH GENERALS.

1. — e – l – s – e – y.
2. C – r – w – l – i –.
3. — u – g – y – e.
4. C – r – e – o –.
5. — h – r – h – l –.

V.

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant. A period of time. A hut. To strike. A consonant.

NEVER KILL THE DOG.

The following from the *Transcript* is of general interest and importance:—

In the *Transcript* of August 25 is an article stating that a man fears he may have hydrophobia as the result of the bite of a dog. Fortunately for him, the owner refused to kill the dog, as, if the dog is alive to-day, he was not mad, and the man cannot have hydrophobia as a result of the bite.

It is of the utmost importance that all people should understand that a dog that has bitten an individual should not be killed, but kept in confinement in order to determine whether it has hydrophobia. In dogs this disease is usually fatal in a few days, at most in a week. Where circumstances are such that it is necessary to kill the dog, the animal should be sent at once to a person capable of determining by the inoculation of animals whether the dog was mad. If the dog is not killed, it can be determined in a week or most whether it was mad. If the dog is killed, an equally positive diagnosis may be made at the end of three weeks.

What then? Is it possible to be free from faults (if you do all this)? It is not possible; but this is possible, to direct your efforts incessantly to being faultless. For we must be content if by never remitting this attention we shall escape at least a few errors.—*Epictetus.*

What harvest wilt thou reap, indeed,
Who sowest the loaf, and not the seed.

—*Emily A. Josselyn.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

In sending requests or offers of books, it is essential to address these communications to Mrs. W. B. Nichols. If addressed to the Editor, these letters are in some cases postponed, in others altogether omitted. See directions in every number of *The Cheerful Letter.*

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

The March meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., on Friday, March 1, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to attend.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange is developing Home Study work for the benefit of those without school facilities.

Arrangements will be made for lessons by correspondence in any school subject for those who are unable to leave their homes or who are far from centres of education.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction please send requests to Mrs. Ruth Peterson, 37 Ridgemont Street, Allston, Mass.

Please send subscriptions to the Treasurer, not to the Editor.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals.

Chairman, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer, Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Mary Louise Catlin. Subscription, 50 cents a year.

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